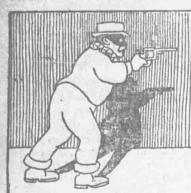
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VOLUME 48 NO. 16.212.

The Man in the Mask.



When the "yeggmen" ride into a rural town in Iowa, shoot up a citizen or two, break open the bank vault and get away with a few thousands in currency, something is done about it. Posses are organized, ! rewards offered, the thieves run

No sum is deemed too great, no time too long, to devote to ferreting them out.

A band of masked men have looted in the name of the State of New York millions of people. They are masked in apparent respectability and strut in shiny stovepipe hats, confident that their pals will not

"peach" on them. They are the scoundrelly bribe-takers who have done the dirty work of the insurance companies, the high-class corrupt lawyers who prostitute their brains for pay and social place, the legislators who have betrayed the

The posse has been after them. Its leader, Mr. Hughes, is the man to lead it. It was getting close to the seat of the mystery. Now it is called off. The hue and cry is checked.

The people will not stand for that.

If the chase had been vain, if no crime had been shown, if it were a false alarm-but no; the scent is hot; some of the robbers have been caught and their black masks torn off. The robbery was more gigantic than a thousand burglaries, more shameful because the victims were robbed in the name of the State itself.

The posse must set out on the trail again. Get after the Men in the Masks.

A prizefighter on his good behavior is a much less objectionable neighbor at a hotel than a known and notorious insurance grafter, or a loud-mouthed wine agent, or a painted woman, or a drunken "high-roller" who disgraces his refined family, or a corrupt corporation lawyer. But consistency is far to seek,

A Question for Jerome.

McClellan has kept his pre-election promises. When will YOU begin to keep YOURS? When will the insurance indictments be framed?

Mr. Lewis, diamond king, says that England is "the one actual democracy on earth." So it is-except for the hereditary aristocracy, and the crazy land system, and the rule of caste in Parliament, and a few other trifles. Rich men do not mind these things, but poor men must.

Bad Manners and Fear.

What is the reason of the studied insolence of the Standard Oil lawyers and officers toward the commission investigating the business rela- Letters from the People

What does the boorishness of counsel mean, their bulldozing attitude, the buffoonery of witnesses? Why is every attempt made to obstruct and impede the process of taking testimony and to overawe the investigators? What is the Trust afraid of?

These discreditable tactics are not practised by country lawyers in a Missouri courtroom, but in New York by men of light and leading in pro
What does the boorishness of counsel mean, their bulldozing attitude, the Man Who Would Go South.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"A. S.," who asks what is a good southern city to locate in, will find in Los Angeles, Cal., a booming Southern city, with a most delightful climate—neither too hot nor too cold. There is but little difference between summer and winter; in fact, "A. S.," may enjoy roses.

Pointed

Paragraphs

fresh foods, some method must be re-Worth of Deadly Poisons a Year." It is pleasing and very gratifying to note its pleasing and very gratifying to note in the interest manifested at present in reference to pure food. The question of preserva-food with the question of preservation. She then adopted the method of using borax on meats, learning that winter; in fact, "A. S." may enjoy roses.

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Paragraphs

Missouri courtroom, but in New York by men of light and leading in pro-fessional and business life. They are the tactics of men who fear the

Missouri courtroom, but in New York by men of light and leading in professional and business life. They are the tactics of men who fear the truth.

What is behind their apprehension? What do they want to keep back? Has the Western Attorney-General struck a hot trail? Is the beautiful of the fresh lesson of the little rift in the lute which wrecked insurance reputations?

Certainly no such exhibition of bad legal manners and the browbeating of judicial authority has before been witnessed here as that in which the officers and the counsel of the Trust have indulged.

MAN who is a friend only to himself has but few friends.

An undertaker never complains that he is worked to death.

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Now moann cares to be the silent particular stand here are miles of orange groves, and snow is never seen mountains of the coast range.

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Now moann cares to be the silent particular the sum who marries and sow is never seen the curve?

The coal doesn't make the man, but the lawsuit makes the attorney.

The coal doesn't make the silent particular that he is worked to death.

The did from the first in the lute which the particular that he is worked to death.

Nour man areas to be the silent particular the sum who ma

"Tied Up!" By J. Campbell Cory.





Pointed Paragraphs.

WONDERFULLY SPIRITED AND INTERESTING. A LIVING ROMANCE OF WILD NATIVES AND WIDE DISTANCES

A Tale of the Arizona Desert & By Roger Pocock

Same Old Auto Dispute.

A Group of Oddities in Picture and Story.



HE trained elephant is more carefully groomed than the finest horse. His toilet is as carefully made as that of a reigning beauty and he has as many attendants to assist in the operation. A chemical "beauty" wash is sprayed over his skin to keep it soft and pliable, and it is also kneeded and massaged. Care is next taken of his gigantic feet. It is a task for two men to manicure an elephant, as shown by the accompanying illustration from the London Sketch. The paw is put on a tall keg. Then with a big file, a marw, sandpaper and ointment the nails are pared, the skin softened and the callous spots smoothed down. The elephant meantime stands blissfully still with upraised trunk, proudly aware of the pains that human beings are taking to

A famous sculpture group recently exhibited in Glasgow represents Adam and Eve after they had left Eden. Eve, in despair, lies at Adam's feet. Through a mistake an intelligent attendant placarded it with this description, "Motherless." At the same exhibition was a sleeping nympn, by a well-known sculptor, which by another mistake appeared in the catalogue as "Mrs. ---," greatly to the

horror of Glasgow. It is calculated that \$50,000,000 a year is spent on golf. There are \$79 golf clubs in England, 750 in America, 632 in Scotland and 134 in Ireland, numbering altogether 600,000 players.

This is the first monument in which a balloon is represented. It is the work of Bartholdi, who designed the Statue of Liberty, and is in commemoration of the aeronauts who served so nobly at the siege of Paris. It is about to be unveiled near the Porte des Termes. During the slege of Paris (1870-1871) the aeronauts formed the only connecting link between the beleaguered city and the outer world.

A curious instance of the spread of mcdern ideas into the most unlikely places is reported from Sicily, where a noted brigand chief, having captured a prominent citizen of Catania, has con sented to his ransom being paid on the "instalment system." But the brigand is not quite up to date, and the advantages of immediate delivery are not included in his scheme, so the viotim remains a prisoner until his relatives have paid the last cent.

Unique records were established in that recent footrace up the Eiffel tower in Paris. Forestier, the winner over 227 competitors, ascended the 729 steps

in 3 minutes 124-5 seconds, Lepage coming second to him with the time of 3 min utes 161-5 seconds. Both Forestier and Lepage are milkmen and the former is a cyclist. Among those who chose to climb in a more or less eccentric manner were Wachorn, who mounted with a weight of fifty kilos on each shoulder, and Sucol, a fasting man, who went up backward.



inis is a tinker's anvil. It is of metal and the wide base is of leather. It looss like a fireman's horn without a hollow. But it is worth its weight in sold. At least the anvil was recently sold at auction in London for nearly \$2,000. Its intrinsic worth 's about 30 cents. The fact which makes it precious in collectors' eyes is that it once belonged to John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress," and bears his name and address scratched on its side.

> What Then? F I should cast off this tattered coat. And go free into the mighty sky; If I should find nothing there But a vast blue, Echoless, ignorant-

STEPHEN CRANE.

(Copyright, 1905, by Little, Brown & Co.) | winter through and came to the spring SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Sent of the precision of the prints beyond, catching maybe more happiness bard sainannon buys thor Cross Kaned in Armsona. Hving there with his wife and his son Jim. He wins the stratude of Capt. McCalmont. Sender of a notorious gain meat's son. Curly. "Chalkeye" Davies (who tells the story) is Balshannon's extoreman George Ryan has a lifelons feud quanta he makes Baishannon's extoreman George Ryan has a lifelons feud quanta he makes Baishannon's extoreman george Ryan has a lifelons feud quanta he makes Baishannon's extra dear him into sambling sway all his fortune. Balshannon's wife dies. Ryan gets him into sambling sway all his fortune. Balshannon's wife dies. Ryan gets him into sambling sway all him. With Hyan is the leader's son. Michael, a New York millicoaire. Curly and Chalkeye, with A gustient ensues. Balshannon and fivance killed as are several others. Chalkeye shoots out the lights.

A gustient ensues. Balshannon and fivance killed as are several others. Chalkeye shoots out the lights.

A gustient ensues. Balshannon and fivance has induced the shoots out the lights.

A gustient ensues is a swar that Jim and Curly moutered the elder Ryan. One of the first posses. They first of Curly, telling him to take Curly and Jim away from Arizona.

Curly confesses to her fellow-fugitive. Jim. Charly to his because him to have a state of the mountain strong the his contains here. Charleyes men are encomped.

The disappointed citizens and song the propose and his camp in the his contains them kidnaps Michael Ryan and holds him for ransom.

The disappointed citizens and contains him. Charleyes and contains him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Second-Hand Angel.

everything. Her favorite game was saied at committing herself.

of settlements except when we had to buy chuck. I herded my young was he'd side of the fire. "I cayn't oppress Jim in them things—I'd get so tame and weak he'd sit on my haid!" We took no count of the distance.

beyond, catching maybe more happiness

"Shucks!" she firted across to the far "You're due to get mar'led," says I, "as sure as sunrise to-morrow."

playing at being a lady, but now she



"Curly," says I, "'Spose I give you good news?"

We took no count of the distance, we lost all tab of dates, but camped where game was plenty, pushed on when the sun was shining, holed up when the wind was too cold, and most.

"You're due to get maried," says I, "as sure as sunrise to-morrow."

"So! Jin ain't caught me yet!"
Jim started in to catch her, but she hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun, the firelight glowing on her leather clothes and gold-bright hand on her gun

yo' fool kisses, or I'll shore'y bat yo' and reached out his arms to her. There haid. I ain't laid down my arms yet!" was only the fire between them. was only the fire between them. was only the fire between them.
"Say you love me, Curiy?"
"It cayn't be helped, Jim," she whistered, and her face went grave, "but I shorely love you."

Biding the ranges of the world and where Curiy used to splash me when when you stop to study the trail you when you stop to study the trail you.

plumb content with things present, to me beside our camp fire. The bub which I can grab the same with my ble spring, the wind in the pines, the teeth, instead of hungering after that chatter of the birds, and the meadow heaven above which seems a lot uncerflowers remind me of her always. She
tain, and apt to prove disappointing.

has put away her spirs and gun never
Here I've got horses for sure, plenty to ride any more with free men on
cows, and Monte, one of my old riders. God's grass, because, poor soul! she's for my partner. Bear Hole is the name only a lady now and gone respectable. of our new ranch, with the bull pines Last summer-it sure makes me sweat

was the ocean, a sure great sight and | shall-to-morrow. Tell me yo' news."

What then?

too, for a plain man to consider, for I seen women drunk and children starv-I seen women drunk and contains starting, and had to bat a white man's head she read, and her lips went twisty as for shining a nigger's shoes. It beats if she were due to cry, me how much a tribe can ride herd "Shorely." she said on a bunch of empires as easy as I tellin' our prayers to God. So Jim and drive cows, but if I proceed to unfold all I don't know, I'll be apt to get plumb talkative.

When I come up against Balshannon Castle I found it a sure enough palace, which was no place for me, so I pawed around outside inquiring. Her ladyship was to home, and I found her setting in a fold-up chair on the terrace. It made me feel uplifted to see her there nursing a small baby, crooning fool talk to the same, which she patted and smacked and nuzzled all at once.

"Wall," says she, as I came looming ap accidental, "ef it ain't ole Chalkeye Didn't I tell you awdehs to come long But y'u fell from the skies like a drop of ago? Now don't you talk, or you'll spoil my kid's morals, cause he ain't broke to hawss-thieves. Yes, you may set on that stool."

"Curly," says I, feeling scared, "is that yo' kid?"

second-hand angel. Now jest ain't he cute?"

He was a sure cunning little person and thought me great medicine to play with.

"Whar is his lawdship?" says I. "Jim's down to the pasture, breaking fool colt, and Chalkeye-oh, you ole felon, how I enjoy to see yo' homely tace! I got good news. Father's alive, yes, in New York. He writes to say he's got a job at a theatre, giving shows of roping and shooting. He's the Cowboy Champion, and"-her voice dropped to a whisper-"planning enornous robberies. He'll steal New York, "Curly," says I, "spose I give you

good news. May I hold that kid just Now you tame yo'self, and don't get tiffe, will begin in to-morrow's re'ring up too proud. Then maybe you livening Weste.

exciting to the stomach-mine got I handed her the documents which plumb dissolute, pitching and bucking the Governor of Arizona had made for around like a mean horse, so that I me himself. Curly was pardoned, the was heaps glad to dismount at Liver- charge against Jim was withdrawn, and I was to come up for trial when That Old Country is plenty strange, called upon. I shall not be called upon

me is free to go back to Holy Crawss?" "You're free." "Old friend," she whispered, "you

must be first to tell Jim. Leave me awhile. I walked away into the house as if to look for him, then crept back behind a curtain watching her. She looked away to the west, and I knew she was long-

ing for the desert. Then she kissed he baby on the nose, and once again, at in the old days, I heard her singing: "Whar y'd from, little stranger-little boy? Y'u was riding a cloud on that star-strews

rain, To this wo'ld of sorrow and long, long pain-Will y'u care fo' yo' motheh, lillie !

Far off I could hear the footfall of a horse. "When y'u grows, little varmint, lillie boy,

"Sort of. I traded for him. He's a With you' gun and yo' spure and yo' haidstrong pride:

Will y'u kink of yo' home when the world rolls wide— Will y'u wish fo' yo' mothen, lillie boy!"

The horse was coming nearer up the drive. "When y'u love in yo' manhood, little boy, When y'u dream of a girl who is angel fair, When the stars are her eyes, and the winds

her hair,
When the sun is her smile, and yo' heaven's there.
Will y'u care fo' yo' mothen, little hoy?
The horseman brought up half-rearing, stepped from the saddle, then threw his rein in the old range way, and Bal-shamon hurrled to his wife.

(THE END.) "Kidnapped in New York," a thrilling romance of metropoliton